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**Wait for the waggon
songster**

London

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WAIT FOR THE WAGGON SONGSTER.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

WAIT FOR THE WAGGON SONGSTER.

WHATS A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

WHAT'S a the steer, kimmer?

What's a' the steer?

Charlie he is landed,

An' heth he'll soon be here.

The wind was at his back, carl,

The wind was at his back;

I carena since he's landed,

We werena worth a plack!

I'm richt glad to hear't, kimmer,

I'm richt glad to hear't,

I hae a gude broad claymore,

An' for his sake I'll wear't.

Since Charlie he is landed,

We'll hae nae mair to fear;

Since Charlie he is landed,

We'll hae a jub'lee year!

Oh! what is he like, kimmer?

What is he like?

He's like a bonnie Scottish lad,

(As you were like langsyne.)

He luiks and moves, as weel he may,

Like ane o' princely line—

An' weel he sets the bannet blue

Upon his manly broo.

CHEER BOYS, CHEER!

CHEER boys, cheer! no more of idle
sorrow,

Courage, true heart shall bear us on
our way,

Hope points before, and shows the
bright to-morrow,

Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

So farewell, England! much as we
may love thee,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed
before,

Why should we weep to sail in search
of fortune,

So farewell England!—farewell ever
more.

Cheer Boys, cheer! for England,
mother England!

Cheer Boys, cheer! the willing strong
right hand!

Cheer Boys, cheer! there's wealth for
honest labour!

Cheer Boys, cheer! for the new and
happy land.

Cheer Boys, cheer! the steady breeze
is blowing,

To float us freely o'er the Ocean's
breast,

The world shall follow in the track
we're going,

The star of Empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil, and little to reward

it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our
pain;

And ours shall be the prairie and the
forest,

And boundless meadows ripe with
golden grain.

Cheer boys, cheer! for England!
mother England!

Cheer boys, cheer! united heart and
hand;

Cheer boys, cheer! there's wealth for
honest labour!

Cheer boys, cheer! for the new and
happy land.

WAIT FOR THE WAGGON.

WILL you come with me, my Philis
 dear, to yon blue mountain free,
 Where the blossoms smell the sweet-
 est, come, rove along with me.
 It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I
 am by your side,
 We'll jump into the waggon, and all
 take a ride.

CHORUS.

Wait for the waggon, wait for the
 waggon,
 Wait for the waggon, and we'll all
 take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and
 the birds they sing so sweet,
 I have a cabin, Philis, and something
 good to eat,
 Come, listen to my story, it will re-
 lieve my heart,
 So jump into the waggon, and off we
 will start.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Do you believe, Philis dear, old Mike,
 with all his wealth,
 Can make you half so happy as I
 with youth and health?
 We'll have a little farm—a horse—a
 pig—a cow;
 And you shall mind the dairy, while
 I do guide the plough.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your
 hair so slick and neat,
 All braided up with dahlias and
 hollyhocks so sweet;
 It's every Sunday morning, when I
 am by your side,
 We'll jump into the waggon, and all
 take a ride.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Together, on life's journey, we'll
 travel till we stop,
 And if we have no trouble we'll reach
 the happy top,

Then come with me, sweet Philis,
 my dear, my lovely bride!
 We'll jump into the waggon, and all
 take a ride.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,
 For the black-bat night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted
 abroad,

And the musk of the rose has
 blown:

For a breeze of the morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that
 she loves,

On a bed of daffodil sky:
 To faint in the light of a sun she
 loves,

To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into
 my blood

As the music clash'd in the hall,
 And long by the garden gate I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and
 on to the wood,

Our wood that is dearer than all.
 Queen rose of the rose-bud, garden
 of girls,

Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of
 pearls,

Queen, lily, and rose in one!
 Shine out, little head, sunning over
 with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion flow'r at the gate,
 She is coming, my dove, my dear,
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries "she is near! she
 is near!"

And the white-rose weeps "she is
 late!"

The larkspur listens "I hear, I hear!"
 And the lily whispers "I wait!"
 She is coming, my own, my sweet!
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed—
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had it lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her
 feet,
 And blossom in purple and red!

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious
 and fast,
 And the waves rose in foam at the
 voice of the blast;
 And heavily laboured the gale beaten
 ship,
 Like a stout hearted swimmer the
 spray at his lip,
 And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's
 path,
 Except when the lightning illum'd it
 in wrath,
 A young mother knelt in the cabin
 below,
 And pressing her babe to her bosom
 of snow,
 She pray'd to her God, 'mid the hurri-
 cane wild,
 "Oh, Father, have mercy look down
 on my child!"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind ca-
 reered on its way,
 And the ship like an arrow divided
 the spray;
 Her sails glimmered white in the
 beams of the moon,
 And the breeze up aloft seem'd to
 whistle a tune.
 There was joy in the ship, as she
 furrow'd the foam,
 Fond hearts within her were dreaming
 of home.
 The young mother press'd her fond
 babe to her breast,

And sang a sweet song as she rock'd
 it to rest.
 And the husband sat cheerily down
 by her side,
 And look'd with delight on the face
 of his bride,
 "Oh! happy," said he, "when our
 roaming is o'er,
 We'll dwell in our cottage that stands
 by the shore;
 Already, in fancy, its roof I descry,
 And the smoke of its hearth curling
 up to the sky—
 Its garden so green, and its vine-
 cover'd wall—
 And kind friends awaiting to welcome
 us all—
 And the children that sport by the
 old oaken tree!"
 Ah! gently the ship glided over the
 sea.
 Hark! what was that? hark, hark,
 to the shout—
 Fire! fire! then a tramp and a rout,
 And an uproar of voices arose in the
 air,
 And the mother knelt down—and
 the half-spoken pray'r
 That she offer'd to God, in her agony
 wild,
 Was, "Father! have mercy, look
 down on my child!"
 She flew to her husband—she clung
 to his side;
 Oh! there was a refuge, whate'er
 might betide.
 Fire! fire!—it was raging above and
 below,
 And the cheeks of the sailors grew
 pale at the sight,
 And their eyes glisten'd wild in the
 glare of the light,
 'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters
 to drip,
 The pitiless flame was the lord of the
 ship,
 And the smoke in thick wreaths
 mounted higher and higher:

"Oh! God, it is fearful to perish by fire!"

Alone with destruction—alone on the sea—

Great Father of mercy! our hope is in Thee.

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,

They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave;

First enter'd the mother, enfolding her child—

It knew she caress'd it, look'd upward, and smil'd.

And then came the husband, and then came the crew,

And last came the captain—Oh! what could they do?

Cold, cold was the night, as they drifted away,

And mistly dawn'd o'er the pathway the day,

And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about,

The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!" cried a man on the lee,

"Ho, a sail!" and they turn'd their glad eyes o'er the sea,

"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved;

They bear down upon us—thank God! we are saved!"

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

Tho' I mingle in the throng,
Of the happy and the gay,
From the mirth of dance and song,

I would fain be far away;
For I love to use no wile,

And I can but deem it sin,
That the brow should wear a smile

When the soul is sad within.
Tho' a parent's stern command

Claims obedience from me,
O, 'tis hard to give the hand,
Where the heart can never be.

'Tis hard to give, &c.

I have sighed and suffer'd long;

Yet have never told my grief,

In the hope that for my wrong,

Time itself would find relief.

I will own no rebel thought,

But I will not wear the chain,

That for me must still be fraught

With but misery and pain.

In all else I will be bland,

But in this I must be free,

And I will not give the hand

Where the heart can never be.

And I will never, &c.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again

Sweet faces I adore,

'Mid others, was an old schoolmate—

Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.

And glided o'er my dreaming mind

Not only those I know,

But mem'ries of so many scenes,

All linked with Minnie too:

A thousand thoughts of childhood's

days

Of innocence and glee;

For I was all the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,

We'd stray beside the brooks,

And gath'ring wild flowers by their

side,

We'd quite forget our books,

And trifle half the day away,

In some old mossy dell;

And, going home at night, I'd coax

Dear Minnie not to tell.

Such mem'ries are by far more dear

Than wealth of classic lore,

Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,

Of youth and Minnie Moore.

—

"Anything in my line?" as the

hangman said to the sheriff.

BOBBING AROUND.

In August last on one fine day,
Bobbing around,
When Josh and I went to make hay,
We went bobbing around.

Says Josh to me, lets take a walk,
Bobbing around,
Then we can have a private talk
As we go bobbing around.

We walked along the mountain
ridge,
Bobbing around,
Till we got near Squire slip-shod's
bridge,
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh and I tripp'd o'er the lea,
Bobbing around;
And I kiss'd Josh and Josh kiss'd me
As we went bobbing around.

Then Josh's courage no more tarried
Bobbing around;
Says he, dear Patience, let's get
married,
Then we'll go bobbing around.

I knew he lov'd another gal,
Bobbing around;
They call her long-legg'd, crook'd-
shin, curly-tooth Sal,
Where we went bobbing around.

So after we got into church,
Bobbing around,
I ran and left him in the lurch,
Then he went bobbing around.

You chaps who would deceive a gal,
Bobbing around,
Think of long-legg'd, crook'd-shin,
curly-tooth Sal,
When you go bobbing around.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A MAN, whose name was Johnny
Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,

And tho' she brought him gold and
lands,

She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim.

He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.

And she was tired of him.

Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."

Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."

Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill

And push me in with all your might."

Says she, "my love I will."

Says she, &c.

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,

Pray tie my hands behind my back,"

"I will," replied his wife.

She then tied them fast as you may
think,

And when securely done,

"Now stand," she says, "upon the
brink,

And I'll prepare to run,

And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride,

Now ran with all her force

To push him in—he stepped aside—

And she fell in of course.

Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,

"O, save me, Johnny Sands."

"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,

For you have tied my hands."

For you, &c.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL
ISLANDS.

OH, have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great?

If you have not, 'tis in my pate—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

He was so tall—near six feet six,

He had a head like Mister Nick's,

His palace was like Dirty Dick's.

'Twas built of mud for want of bricks,

And his name was Poonoowingke-
wang,

Flibeede flobee-dee-buskeebang;
And a lot of Indians swore they'd
hang

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee wonkee fum,
Puttee po pee kaihula cum,
Tongalee, wongaree, ching ring
wom,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty King had in one hut,
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double smut—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.
So just one hundred wives he had,
And every week he was a dad,
Upon my word, it was too bad,
For his smutty dears soon drove him
mad;

There was Hunkee Mungkee, short
and tall,

With Tuzzee Muzzee, and Keeko Pall,
And some of them swore they would
have all

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

One day this King invited most
All of his subjects to a roast,
For half of his wives gave up the
ghost,

The King of the Cannibal Islands:
Of fifty wives he was bereft,
And so he had but fifty left,
He said with them he would make
shift,

So for a gorge all set off swift.
The fifty dead ones were roasted soon,
And all demolished before the noon,
And a lot of Chiefs vowed to have
soon

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

When they had done, and bones picked
clean,

They all began to dance, I ween;
The fifty wives slipped out unseen,
From King of the Cannibal Islands.

He turning round soon missed them
all,

So for his wives began to bawl,
But not one answered to his call,
He sprung out thro' the muddy walls;
Then into the woods he went with
grief,

And found each queen 'long with a
chief,

He sworeh e'd Macadamize every
thief,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

He sent for all his guards with knives,
To put an end to all their lives,

The fifty chiefs and fifty wives—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.
These Cannibal slaveys then begun
Carving their heads of, one by one;
And the King he laughed to see the
fun,

Then jumped into bed when all was
done;—

And every night when he's asleep,
His headless wives and chiefs all creep,
And roll upon him in a heap,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

GOOD BYE.

I CAN bid you good morning, good
day, or good night,

At expence of, perhaps, one faint
sigh;

Since I know a few hours will renew
my delight,

But, Oh! when I bid you good
bye!

My tongue becomes dull, and my
heart becomes chill.

And warm tears shut out light
from each eye;

My soul feels forbodings of deadliest
ill,

When I try, love, to bid you good
bye!

Then send me not from you, love—
do let me stay,
For I can't speak the word if I try :
Morn and night I will wish you good
night and good day,
But I can't, nor I won't say—good
bye!

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were dress'd from top to toe.
We danc'd and sung the jocund song
Upon the forest green;
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around us could be seen.
And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days, &c.

All hearts were light, and eyes were
bright,

While nature's face was gay;
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfume filled the May.
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's
note

Steal softly through the air;
While every scene around us look'd
Most beautiful and fair.
And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days, &c.

We fill'd a glass to every lass,
And all our friends most dear,
And wish'd them many happy days,
And many a happy year.
We gave the king, with all our heart,
And may his subjects be
Our nation's pride, all lands beside,
And glory of the sea.

And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days, &c.

And should we ever pay again
A visit to the scene,

We'll sing with all our heart and
voice,

God bless our gracious Queen.
May she live long o'er us to reign,
And by her actions prove,
That she as gain'd her utmost wish—
A people's lasting love.
And thus w'll pass the pleasant time,
Nor think of care or woe,
As we did when we went gipsying,
A long time ago, &c.

I'M GOING FOR A SOLDIER, JENNY.

I'm going for a soldier, Jenny,
Going o'er the rolling sea;
They've given me a golden guinea,
That they say has listed me.

'Tis no use to fall a-crying,
Give your senseless weeping o'er;
Many a day you've heard me sighing;
You should have been kind before.

'Tis very fine and pretty, Jenny,
Now to wish that I should stay;
But indeed I'm thinking, hinny,
We'll not meet this many a day.

What if heart and spirit sinking,
What if I should come to shame;
Be it as it may, I'm thinking
You alone will be to blame.

Long and dearly I have lov'd you,
As you must full well have known;
If I had not faithless prov'd you,
I had never reckless grown.

But fare you well! the hours are flying,
Time it is that I was gone;
When next another heart you're trying
Jenny, look into your own.

ONE DAY WHILE GENTLY RIDING.

ONE day while gently riding,
To reach my fair one's home,

I found her fondly waiting;
 And when she saw me come,
 She cried aloud with glee,
 "My lov'd one haste to me."
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony;
 Trip, trip, trip, trip merrily;
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony;
 Trip, trip, trip, trip merrily.

With eager haste to join her,
 My steed still faster flew;
 And thus I fondly answer'd
 Her greeting fond and true—
 "My ever faithful fair,
 Why art thou waiting there?"
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip trip, trip, trip to my fair.
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip to my fair.

Then off my horse alighting,
 I sprang with open arms,
 And soon within them folded,
 I held the maiden's charms:
 As through the fields we stray,
 Her bright eyes seem to say,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip not away.
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip not away.

We fondly talk'd when sitting
 Beneath a pleasant shade;
 But who would care to listen,
 To all the vows we made?
 Alas! too short the day;
 Her look no more is gay
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip away.
 Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip pony,
 Trip, trip, trip, trip away.

NAN OF BATTERSEA.

THE ship in which poor Tom was
 press'd,
 Was ready for to sail;
 Nan, trembling, stood upon the deck,
 To take a last farewell—
 To speak the word she strove in vain,
 And mute she seem'd to be:

"Cheer up," cried Tom, "I'll soon
 come
 To Nan of Battersea,"
 "Cheer up," cried Tom, &c.

Full seven long years were gone and
 past,
 And fears and hopes went round—
 And when the tidings came to Nan,
 That Tom at sea was drown'd.
 She heard the words without a tear,
 So deep her misery;
 And ere the week was out, she died—
 Poor Nan of Battersea.
 Yes, ere the week was out, &c.

FAREWELL, FATHERLAND.

FAREWELL! I go to the far off lands
 But tho' bright that land may be,
 There is not a home in the wide, wide
 world.

That can win my heart from thee.

In the courtly throng of the strangers'
 halls,

I shall think of the happy band;
 And the many joys I have shar'd with
 them

In the homes of my fatherland.
 The many joys, &c.

I shall count the days till the hour
 returns

That shall bring me back to thee,—
 To the home I love, and the kindly
 hearts

That have made it dear to me.

Oh! what joy will burst on my raptur'd
 sight

When I see the waving hand,
 And hear the song I have lov'd so long
 In the homes of my fatherland.
 And hear the song, &c.

YE CANNA MARRY ME.

TAKE back the ring, dear Jamie,
 The ring you ga'd to me,
 And a' the vows you made yestreen
 Beneath the birken tree;

But gie me back my heart again,
 Its a' I hae to gie;
 Gin ye'll no wait a fitting time,
 "Ye canna marry me."

I promised to my daddie,
 Afore he slipp'd awa,
 I ne'er wad leave my mammie,
 Whate'er sud her befa';
 I'll faithful keep my promise,
 For a' that ye can gie;
 So Jamie, if ye winna wait,
 "Ye canna marry me."

I canna leave my mammie,
 She's been sae kind to me,
 Sin' e'er I was a bairnie,
 A wee thing on her knee.
 Nae mair she'll caim my gowden hair,
 Nor busk me snod an' braw;
 She's auld an' frail, her e'en are dim,
 An' sune will close on a'.

I munna leave my mammie,
 Her journey is nae lang;
 Her heid is bending to the mools,
 Where it mun shortly gang.
 Were I an heiress o' a crown,
 I'd a' its honours tine;
 To watch her steps in helpless age,
 As she in youth watch'd mine.

I HAD A DREAM, A HAPPY DREAM.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream,
 I thought that I was free;
 That in my own bright land again.
 A home there was for me:
 Savannah's tide dash'd bravely on,
 I saw wave roll o'er wave:
 But in my full delight I awoke,
 And I was still a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
 Yet happy were my days;
 For by my own dear father's side
 I sang my simple lays:
 He died, and heartless strangers came,
 Ere closed o'er him the grave,
 They tore me, weeping, from his side,
 And clamed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land
 Where men oft kneel and pray;—
 The vaunted home of liberty,
 Where lash and chain hold sway:
 O give me back my Georgian cot,
 It is not wealth I crave;
 O let me live in freedom's light,
 Or die if still a slave.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

THE rose will cease to blow,
 The eagle turn a dove,
 The stream will cease to flow,
 Ere I will cease to love.
 The sun will cease to shine,
 The world will cease to move,
 The stars their light resign,
 Ere I will cease to love.
 The rose will cease to blow, &c.

TOPSY'S SONG.

I'm but a little Nigger gal,
 A black as black can be;
 You know I can't love nobody,
 'Cos nobody loves me.
 Dey used to whip me long ago,
 And den I wish to die—
 I 'spect I donno how to love,
 And dat's the reason why.

Now what's the use for sich as me
 Ob trying to be good?
 If you could wash de black-a-moor
 Quite white, may be I would.
 Miss Feely preachee talk all day,
 She says me tell big lie—
 No good for me to speak the truth,
 And dat's the reason why.

She can't abear the Nigger gal—
 Miss Feely mak' me laugh—
 I touch her hand, she brush away,
 As if de black came off.
 I is so wicked—dat's the thing;
 I 'spect by worse by'n-by;
 She says I is, and so I am,
 And dat's the reason why.

But you, Miss Evy, you so good,
 I mind de words you say—
 You're not afraid to touch my hand.
 You neber turn away:
 You talk to me, you gib me smile,
 Till tears come in your eye;
 You lub me, and I lub you too,
 And dat's the reason why.

BOYS, HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE BATTLE?

O BOYS, have you heard of the battle,
 The Allies have had on the shore;
 The joy belis and cannon did rattle,
 Announcing it over and o'er.
 The French and the English united,
 At Alma they were not afraid;
 And may they still go on victorious,
 And conquer till peace it is made.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the army and navy,
 In Russia they're on the advance,
 Supporting the standard of freedom,
 Success to old England and France.

Fifty-eight thousand men had landed,
 Determined was every man
 To beat the wild Russians at Alma,
 Lord Raglan led on the van.

They crossed over rivers and moun-
 tains,

With glittering bayonet and gun,
 And Menchikoff's great Russian
 army

Were quickly compelled for to run.

On the twentieth day of September,
 This desperate battle was fought,
 The Russians will ever remember,
 Though dearly my boys it was
 bought

With the blood of our courageous
 allies,

Who fell on the fortified plain,
 They brought out the flag of Old
 England,

Without either blemish or stain.

'Twas on the heights of Alma,
 The Russians were lying in-
 trenched,
 Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Ar-
 naud
 Commanded the English and
 French.
 In spite of the fortified vollies,
 The Allies marched in to the fight,
 Fifty-eight thousand men in bright
 armour
 Put all the wild Russians to flight.

The Russians held their position,
 And fought for the space of three
 hours,
 Succeeded behind their entrench-
 ments,
 The balls flew around us in showers.
 At length by the charge of the bayo-
 net,

The Russians were forced to re-
 treat,

And ran in the greatest disorder,
 Compelled by a total defeat,

The numbers that lay dead and
 wounded

It's awful my friends to recite,
 Let's mourn for the loss of our allies,
 That fell in the desperate fight.

They fought them with great despe-
 ration,

And made the wild Russians to
 yield,

In battle where cannons did rattle,
 They conquered and died on the
 field.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,

'Twas on a market day,

A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;

But when that hay was blooming
 grass,

And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
 No flow'r was there that could com-
 pare

With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaugh-
ters,

By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.

While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold
galore,

And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit fornest me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-back'd
car,

To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

BILLY BARLOW'S WEDDING.

As I was going down Whitecross-
street,

I heard a great noise, which made
me stare about,
When to my surprise such a mob I
did meet,

Some was huzzaing, while others
did swear and shout.
Hollooing, hooting, oh dear what a
clatter,

They all of a bunch up an alley
did go,

I asked an old pieman what was the
matter,
Says he—it's the wedding of Billy
Barlow.

I ne'er shall forget it—oh, dear me
no,
The glorious wedding of Billy Bar-
low.

O when we got home, and got in at
the door,
There was not a stool nor a chair
to sit upon,

To make all things pleasant we sat
on the floor,
And a table we made with a pail
and a shutter on.

Round him sat his old father and
mother,

Up in one corner sat Bet and her
beau,
Things were got ready without any
bother,

And now for the dinner, says Billy
Barlow.

Soon after this Billy's aunt in did
pop,

The company looked like a parcel
of savages,
She had a large washing-tub brim up
to the top,

Of roast bullocks heads, boiled
trotters, and cabbages,
They eat till they were no longer
able,

While the beer in a frying-pan
round it did go,
They eat it all up, and then capsized
the table,

While some drank—Here's a
health to Billy Barlow.

Some took to dancing, and some
drinking gin,

While the rest of the company for
tobacco and beer did call.

All of a sudden the floor it fell in,
While Barlow's wife in the cup-
board for fear did squall.

Some did escape, while others were
trying,

The rest of the mob in the cellar
did go,
Some fell a-laughing, and some fell
a-crying,
But they all fell a-top of poor
Billy Barlow.

Poor Billy, almost smothered, for
mercy did call,
While the rest of the guests up
the cellar did get away:
Billy's wife hnnng herself to a nail in
the wall,

Because Barlow she thought quite
dead in the ruins lay.

But Billy crept out almost broken-
hearted,

And that very night to the work-
house did go,

From his dear little wife for ever
was parted—

Which ended the wedding of
Billy Barlow.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

OH, Britannia! the Pride of the
Ocean,

The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion;
The world offers homage to thee.

At thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in
view,

Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white,
and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the
storm;

With her garland of victory round
her,

So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before
her,

The boast of the red, white, and
blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring
hither,

And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never
wither,

Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,

But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!

Three cheers for the red, white,
and blue.

IT'S NO USE TEASING POLLY.

'Twas on a summer's day,
I met young Polly Gray,
The pride of all the village green,
A blooming girl! they say,
There's none can her outvie,
She's never pert, or shy;
The Queen of hearts, oh, such a
Queen!

And that's the reason why.
I dearly love my Polly,
Some folks may call it folly;
With hearts so true, 'twixt me and
you,

It's no use teasing Polly!

Yes! Polly pledg'd her love
To me, down by yon grove;
And ever true you may rely,
Our plighted vows shall prove.
So lovers take the cue,
There's not a chance for you
In faith there's no one can deny—
But that's a reason too?

I dearly love, &c.

One day she'll be my bride,
And I shall own with pride
The maid I won in summer time
At sunny Whitsuntide:
Our wedding it shall be
At the church of St. Mary,
Where oft we've heard the sweet
bells chime,
In all their merry glee!

I dearly love, &c.

CHARLIE.

Oh! my heart is gay as a summer
day,

When Charlie's by my side;
In the coming spring the bells will
ring,

For I shall be his bride!
Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He, who is all, all the world to me!

Oh! were Charlie king, or the bravest
knight

That ever banner bore,
I should not feel more proud than
now,

Nor love him, love him more;
Were Charlie king or the bravest
knight,

I could not love him more.

Oh! his step is light, and his eye is
bright

As morning's radiant beam!
Of him I think the live-long day,
Of him at night I dream!

Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He who is all, all the world to me!

Oh! were Charlie king, &c.

GHOST OF BILLY BARLOW.

Oh crickey! good gracious! ah,
how do you do?

From the regions below I am sent
to you.

Now don't ye be frightened, for you
must all know—

That I am the ghost of Billy Barlow.
And sing, O dear, lack-a-day, O!
Pray pity the ghost of poor Billy
Barlow.

I'm fond of good spirits—with
spirits I'm seen—

Yes, down in death's cellar with
spirits I've been,

On rawheads and bloody bones I
often sup,

And I pour spirits down to keep my
spirits up.

At night I'm tormented by nocturnal
knaves,

They won't let our bodies rest in
our graves,

For a few nights ago, sirs, I felt the
hearth crack,

I was hit such a kick, sir, by Spring-
heel'd Jack.

There's my uncle Buckley in poverty's
gloom,

He's precious hard up, for he lives
by his broom,

My poor uncle Buckley from all
friends forsaken,

And little boys sing out, Buckley,
who stole the bacon!

My cousin, like me, has been used
very ill,

He's very well known, for his name's
Sammy Gill,

But he's not such a Sam, as he looks
left and right,

For he cut from the troops sent to
the Crimea to fight!

The Lord Mayor's a good 'un to
Britons and Poles,

For the good of the poor he pulls
chaps o'er the coals,

He will do his duty—his foes they
may laugh,

He will not be gammon'd nor take
any chaff.

The cock is now crowing cockadoo-
dle doo!

As the ghost says to Hamlet, I must
bid you adieu,

To stay any longer would be all in
vain,

So good night my tulips till I comes
again.

LITTLE NELL.

THEY told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smiled;

Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.

'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow.

"Hush! hush! he cried, "she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!"

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been

Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch,

In strange, though childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow."

One day they miss'd him long, and sought

Where most he lov'd to stray:
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.

With tottering steps he wander'd there,

Fresh hope and strength to borrow,

And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer.

"Oh, let her come to-morrow."

The old man, dying, breathed the prayer,

"Oh, let her come to-morrow."

THE CLOWN AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,

Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,

And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, brow-

beating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating

Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause, resolved to hoax,

A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,

Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,

Who kept their laughter bottled down

Until our wag should draw the cork,

He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why—not Sir, as they do wi' you,

But on four legs instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,

Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do pray keep silence down below there.

Now look at me, clown, and attend,

Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite lachronic,"

The counsel cried, with grim sardoniac;—

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I

On circuit, was at York residing.—

Now, farmer, do for once speak true,

Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you

Who doubtless think yourself so clever,

Are there as many fools as ever

In the West Riding?"

"Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share,

But not so many as when you were there."

THE SOLDIER'S WISH.

By glory fired, the youthful heart,

To British impulse true,

Can calmly from the spot depart

Where childhood's joys it knew.

Unknown to youth, the stern command

The warrior must obey;

From loving hearts and native land

He proudly hastes away,

Elate with hope—resolved to share
 The perils of the brave—
 He flies to scenes where heroes tear
 The laurel from the grave.
 Too little prized, each tie of love
 He hath asunder rent,
 Resolving through the world to
 move,

On war's stern mission bent.
 But Time removes the flatt'ring veil
 By Fancy cast o'er Truth,
 And olden thoughts his breast assail
 Of all he loved in youth;
 The friends he prized arise to view,
 In Fancy's mirror shewn,—
 His thoughts each early joy renew,
 By absence dearer grown.

His Island Home—his early pride—
 Appears in bright array,
 Ambition false he casts aside,
 And its tyrannic sway.
 No wishes now for war's parade
 Within his bosom burn;
 His cherish'd prayer,—that friends
 will aid

THE SOLDIER'S GLAD RETURN.
 CASABIANCA, THE ADMIRAL'S
 SON.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead:

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not
 go
 Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death, below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father!
 say,
 If yet my task is done?"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay,
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he
 cried,
 "If I may yet be gone?"
 And"—but the booming shots re-
 plied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And look'd from that lone post of
 death,
 In still, but brave despair.

And shouted, but once more aloud,
 "My Father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him a fast, through sail
 and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour
 wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant
 child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder
 sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea—

With mast, and helm, and pennon
 fair,
 That well had borne their part;
 But the noblest thing which perish'd
 there,
 Was that young faithful heart!